THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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SIGMUND BEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXI. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1851. WHOLE NO. 1582.

Choice Poetry.

A FANCY ABOUT A BOY.

"Nothing—less than nothing—and vanity!"

We stood beside the meadow mill,
The little lad and I;
Within the room was miller gloom,
Without—almost sky.
I drew him forward to the light,
That I might see him plain,
That sudden view thrilled my heart through
With a delicious pain.

I kneel his head back o'er my arm,
And stroked his crisped hair—
The dear, dear curls, o'er which salt pearls
I could have rained out there!
I looked beneath his heavy lids,
Drooping with dreamy fold,
What visioned eyes I saw arise!
But nothing shall be told.

Only I spoke: "Could I count back
Nine years, and be again nine,
I would not say what ill to-day
Had chanced this heart of mine."
He laughed and laughed—I most of all!
But I was glad, I ween,
That the whole room lay in such gloom
His face alone was seen.

He talked to me in schoolboy phrase;
I gave him most replies—
I mind not what, nay more nor less aught,
Or fixed last in my eyes.
I could kiss him as a child,
I only fretted his hair,
Or with my hand the tattered brow spanned;
But not that it was fair.

He strange to me—as I to him,
We never met before;
Yet I would bet we know no child pair
To see the last once more.
But who was, and is, God knows!
And I—I know, with joy,
I'll find scarce His angelicency
An angel—like that boy!

Original Novelet.

THE DISCARDED DAUGHTER,
OR,
THE CHILDREN OF THE ISLE.

BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "ESMANONDALE," "THE DESERTED WIFE," &c., &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XI.

THE DESOLATE HOUSE.

Alas! It desolately stands
Without a roof, the gates fallen from their hand,
The commercials all broke down, no chapman left!
Allan Ramsay.

The sun arose next morning upon a scene of ruin that defies description.

The house was almost a wreck. The roof, the chimneys, and the shutters of the upper story were gone. The windows were shattered and driven in.

The grounds also were literally laid waste. All traces of field, and garden, and flowers, and lawn, were washed away. Trees were torn up by the roots, leaves were literally stripped from them, branches and *all* swept away by the flood. Cattle and poultry were drowned, and their bodies carried off by the sea.

Yes! the Isle was indeed a desert, and the house was a ruin, with the exception of the lower story, which, having been built of stone and brick material, and being but exposed to the violence of the wind, had sustained entire.

If the scene without was wretched, the scene within was scarcely less so.

The shipwrecked sailors had gone down to the beach, for the purpose of searching for the bodies of the drowned men. If, perchance, they might have been thrown up, and of hailing any boat that might pass within hail.

Agnes and her child had been removed from the open and exposed upper chamber to the lower one, which was more comfortable. Also, forgetful of her own fears and cares, bestowed upon the unfortunate young woman the most affectionate attention. Miss Jos, broken hearted and half crazy, yet still governed by her instinctive habits of order and industry, went about putting things to rights, gathering, wringing her hands, and getting breakfast. Dagmore brought wood and water, and offered shivering and waiting service without the door.

Very soon after sunrise, General Garnet, still one of his servants, arrived from the mainland. The wild rein that reigned around, the deep distress that prevailed within the house, aroused all sounds of kindness upon the Isle. Indeed, Jos, expressing his gratitude to Heaven that she was saved. He comforted with Miss Jos, and that she would assist her to repair the house, offered any other assistance in his power, and remained in town with servants to work all day long. But Miss Jos shook her head dolefully, said that she had always lived without aids, and that she could not now, and that she also had not very long to live, but hoped she should not die a pauper.

After breakfast, General Garnet took Allen home.

For many days nothing was talked of but the storm and the wreck. And every day brought in news of some disaster that had been wrought by the tempest.

One day, as Allen sat sewing in her room, General Gascoigne called a short time with Miss Jos, and the two neatly arrived Norfolk Signal in his hand. The widow's startled look and anxious question, he answered:

"A heavy misfortune has befallen our neighbor Hardinstuff. He was, I heard, was lost in the storm of the 20th!"

"Oh, Heaven!"

"Yes! fearful as the wind was here, it was even more terrific farther down the coast. The Alsace, homeward bound, with a cargo, arrived at Hampton Roads, when overtaken by that heavy hail and disastrous tempest. The Fairies endured frightfully. In the midst of the gale, several of the crew and one of the midshipmen was washed overboard! The latter was the son of the brig's late colonel of the Signal. Read it. I must go now and see poor Hardinstuff. By-the-way, Allen, this makes very great change in the prospects of your young friend Ragnar! Hardinstuff had no other child but Lionel, and has no near relation but his nephew Ragnar, has he?"

"No," said Allen, looking surprised at such a question, at such a time.

"I thought so! I have indeed this 'fit wind' has blown a great inheritance to Ragnar! I suppose that after his uncle has somewhat recovered the shock of his bereavement, he will recall Ragnar. He will scarcely permit him to pursue the study of medicine now!"

"I think that Ragnar will prefer the study of some profession. I am sure that he wishes to live an earnest and useful life."

"Well! I do not know a more earnest person, or a more useful life, than that lived through in the proper administration of a large estate. By the-way, Allen, I hope you have not, with your usual indifference to all things and to all persons, neglected to write to the poor boy during his banishment among total strangers in Baltimore?"

"I write to him every week!"

"That is right! Patiently right! I am very glad to hear it! Perhaps, Allen, were not Ragnar and Elsie very great friends?"

"They were very much attached to each other," replied Allen, with her innocent eyes still dimling with wonder at the question.

"They must continued to read each other. Hmm-m-m! Mount Calm and Hemlock Hollow would form one very magnificent estate, joining as they do—about ten thousand acres, would there not be?"

"Yes," said Allen, abstractedly.

"You, certainly, that is it! Let us see—how old is this youth?"

"About seventeen, I believe."

"Yes, and he will marry very early, if he can find a wife to suit him. He will also very soon enter upon the duties of his profession. He is just the young man to do it. Allen, when he returns, I hope you will not permit such folly as forgetfulness! Hmm—yes! Elsie is—twelve years of age?"

"Not quite!"

"Well, nearly twelve—then, thirteen, four-teen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen—four years. Four years will quickly pass away, and our young gentleman can wait that long. At the end of four years, I shall bring Elsie home from school. She will then be nineteen years of age. *You* were but a year older when you were married, Allen—"

Say, accuser me—you were but seventeen when you were married, were you not?"

"I was but seventeen," replied Allen, in a very low voice.

And here the conference ended.

General Garnet and Lionel Mr. Hardinstuff in the extremity of grief. He had already received the dire intelligence of the loss of his only and well-beloved son, in a letter of condolence from the Captain of the ship. He had nothing now there-fore to learn from General Garnet, but thanked him for his visit and his sympathy. General Garnet remained with him all day and until a late hour of the night, when he took his leave.

Days, weeks elapsed, before Mr. Hardenstuff found courage to summon Ragnar to Hemlock Hollow. Though, in the meantime, Ragnar had written often, expressing his heartfelt sorrow and his unbounded sympathy, and entreating permission to come home, and see his uncle. At last Mr. Hardcastle wrote and recalled him. Ragnar came, and found every difference. Then, his uncle broke down restored to his usual state of composure and cheerfulness, and being engaged in his culture of agriculture and of sericulture, was quite unsympathized at neighbors.

"Ragnar, my boy, I am glad to see you! Now, my dear, you must be very much attached to such a study as Medicine! Good! Mr. Hardcastle wrote me that you were determined upon it. Well, I am glad of it! Very glad indeed! Now, my boy, you must study with me, and I will assist you. Mr. Hardcastle is a very good man, but he is not a scholar.

Original Lectures.

MR. LORD'S LECTURES ON THE HEROES OF THE REFORMATION

LECTURE I.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS AND THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

Delivered in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on Sunday, 10th inst., Rev. Dr. Lord, the distinguished Divine, commenced a series of Lectures on the Heroes of the Reformation, at the Hall of the University of Pennsylvania. The house was filled by a large and delighted audience. We give below the substance of the whole, and, as nearly as possible, in the words of the Lecturer:

Ladies and gentlemen: It would seem desirable in commencing a course of lectures on the Heroes of the Reformation, to begin with Luther, the great leader in the work of reform; but I assume the Apostle's age; for when I have already given that hero, and as it is supposed, exhausted the subject, and as it is supposed that by the time I am out of the cars; and also as my audience is already supposed to be exhausted with the recital of Luther's life, I must begin with Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, a man whose birth was one of the highest pleasures among the heroes of the Reformation.

I will premise here that where their status as men is a disunity of opinion, it would be impossible to find a man who would not differ with me in specific points. I wish to conduct my minds clear of any theology, with a partisan spirit, and I shall be happy to have any one present who may desire to appeal to the subjects under consideration. I am not responsible for my views, but myself, and will listen with pleasure to all that may be urged in opposition I may make.

Among the many centuries of the Christian Era, there are two periods of a new star in the firmament, which seems to dazzle and burn with light, but quickly disappears and is seen no more, until it reappears. Such, then, however, is not the case with the Reformation. It is not a star that appears, then fades from sight, and never shows its power more. It is the sun in our system, and it is destined to remain in the heavens.

Ancestral influence was at that time in its infancy, and many of the followers of Luther were necessary to constitute the prophetic measure of my phenomenon, then to compare it to Daniel and John. Accordingly, the followers of Luther strongly protested that two star to be a sign, and pointed to the belief of the Reformation as a delusion among the Northern nations—a time who should come forth as a mighty deliverer to set them right, but gradually, and not all at once, with the displays of manifold powers, and the triumphant Reformation, have obtained the fulfillment of this prophecy in the Holy of Gustavus Adolphus.

It would be puerile, indeed, to give credence to the belief of the Jews, that they had yet to see the fully all the circumstances of this narrative. Therefore, it would seem that the misery of Antichrist, as he appears in the prophecies of the Apocalypse, for from the Ark, through Greek and Roman History, the career of no warrior has been more marked with the power described in that of Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden. His man and his career were alike remarkable. A prophet statesman and a Christian true: he was our nation not only as the great hero of the Thirty Years' War, but as the most illustrious one which Protestantism has ever produced. Others, with the exception of Luther, have had their claims. Great, however, as were his statesmanship, military and martial achievements, I have no regard to the superiority of his character. I feel that great contrast which arrayed the Catholic's against the Protestants would for a whole century be due, but which resulted gloriously, as securing religious liberties of Germany.

War is, in many cases, to be regretted, whether we consider the violation of divine laws, or the great misery and distress which must result from it. The Thirty Years' War was truthful in its form, and its immediate misfortunes must be seriously lamentable. But it was a war to be said of all wars, and we must be somewhat in regard to it as we are as a country. Well, when we ordered upon the Mexican War, and when the battle of Resaca de la Palma, Cromwell could not have anticipated a religious revolution in the south of Wheaton prevailed, perhaps, the last battle of Western Europe in Europe; and the planting of Americanism in Europe was completed by the great Protector of Booker Hill—The peculiar nature of wars and battles are to bring results to the nations which they never yet dreamed of, and which they never even knew themselves, until the time for the unveiling arrived. It was the greatness of the cause in which Gustavus Adolphus belonged, which gives him his claim to be ranked as a hero of action; but will now be identified with the peculiar circumstances of the Protestant Reformation. The Thirty Years' War was undoubtedly the bloodiest, the longest, and the most important and which Europe has seen since the Crusades. In the Crusades, it was a religious war, since religious interests were to be. It was, however, unlike almost all the disasters wars of the Middle Ages, inasmuch as it was neither aggressive in its character, or unjust in its spirit, or unlawful in its termination. Its immediate consequences were not only to establish religious rights of all sorts, subsistence in the extreme; but, as I have said, its immediate result was glorious—since it secured to the world in Europe, a religious liberty. However, this great war, does more or not in its ultimate results—and we can settle nothing about the cause which they spring from—it does not deserve and are forgotten. Within these two, it was the most important European Germany, enlightened as to truth and burning with a religious enthusiasm which we, in this generation, can with difficulty appreciate, must in time have yielded to despotism, religious and political, to Rome and to Austria, or have radiated unto death. Its people were doomed to be, as they were in Prussia and Austria at Kings, and without hope, for long no ruling generations, or to a great and desperate combat. A Pope of Rome had resolved that the opinions of Luther should be suppressed, but the privileges of the Roman Vatican had declined, and among an enlightened people. The grim old despots of Europe, in their bigotry and blindness, would not have dared to have those tyrants of the mind and body would not have dared so gross a sentiment. The heroes of truth would not be liable to such sacrifices. Therefore, the world must come; and, however anxiously to be lamented, was an unavoidable result that it was a civilized. Our Saviour said,—"I come not to send peace on earth, but a sword." He meant that the Reformation, and consequently the Thirty Years' War, would lead to agitation, to revolution and to bloodshed. It was the necessary result of the sales of truth would not yield their power, except upon conditions. Do not all the enslaved experiences of the human race declare that there is scarcely an exception to the fact that men are leaders in time of terror bestowed upon them, and that they will scarcely grasp all the power within their reach? When have Kings, or nobles, or ecclesiastics ever yielded their privileges, or relinquished them at all, except by force? And when great principles are first making their way among men, it is then that persecution, and revolution and bloodshed.

After the Reformation, in the German Empire, and when our modern civilization commenced, we first see barbarian countenanced; we then see Felicia already free from subjection to which they had resisted from Emperors, and then nations already free from subjection to which they had resisted by consecrating around their thrones the people. And finally we see the people rising against their old despots, and obtaining their rights by struggles and sacrifices, those rights which we now enjoy in this country, and which are the envy of nations in the world, and in view of it we are perfectly reconciled to the prevalence of wars and conflicts which have cost a thousand times over for they seem to be merely the necessary evils of a world which has been cursed with sin, and which owes great privileges for the same, which is the inheritance of none at least, are worth more than millions of blood. I would not be understood as pleading or defending war, but merely as attempting to prove that to secure great principles, it is sometimes necessary and unavoidable. I must not be at Christ has said, that offenses will come. I do not say that men can not avoid them—in fact. I only say that there must be resistance to oppression and wrong, or there will be slavery and degradation. Had the Saxons submitted to Charlemagne before Luther arose, but when he declared his sovereignty—when he had in various ways and places, before Catholics, before prelates, before Kings, declared that it is not safe for a man to go against his conscience, that Popery is Anti-Christ, that the Bible is the only standard of authority—when he had done this, and when the people believed him, would there not be opinions, would there not be conflicts? The truths of the Reformation had been buried as ancient sayings in the human heart which acted with tremendous power; the people were persuaded that all men had rights over which a mortal could lay claim, and that all were bound to respect these sacred rights. It was a time when these new truths had the charm of freshness and of youth—when democracy had not yet held out its dreams of equality and self-confidence—when the vulgar did claimed blasphemous homage from statesmen and noblemen. It was a time when everything was in confusion—the birth-day of souls and schools and parties—in literature, in politics, in religion, and in social intercourse. When all men felt the inspiration of a new life, and indulged in visions of prosperity and of unbounded freedom. Nothing is more natural than to speak thousand in the new ideas of religious liberty. So, while new ones could with the Saxons, and the people of Germany were, they had united the Reformation, and when they were, they united that the people of Germany were, they united united the Reformation, and when they were, they united united the Reformation, and when they were, they united united the Reformation, and when they

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1851.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
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General News.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

By the arrival of the steamship Daniel Webster, at New York, we have San Francisco dates to the 15th of October—being eleven days later. She brings over 400 passengers, and $107,000 in gold on freight, and about half-a-million in gold in the hands of passengers. The steamer California, from San Francisco, took $1,800,000 in gold. Two other steamers took large amounts.

The general news from California does not possess much interest. Business was dull—purchasers holding back for a further reduction in prices. Flour was steady. Bricks dull. Provisions drooping. Lumber was firmer. Dry goods were active. Seamen's wages were lower. The money market was variable at 3 to 6 per cent. per month. Gold dust was quoted at $17. Light drafts on Atlantic cities 3 per cent. The agricultural interests were prosperous. The mining news was very favorable. New discoveries of gold are daily being made. The quartz mining attracts great attention.

The yield of gold for the present year will be greater than for any previous year. Steam communication between California and the Sandwich Islands, is about being accomplished. Movements are on foot for a railroad to Sacramento City. Real estate was active and advancing in price. The project for supplying San Francisco with water seems to be falling through.

The Alta Californian thinks that the movement for a division of the State, will amount to but little.

The papers of the 9th are filled with outrages, [illegible]

POLITICAL NEWS.

ILLINOIS.—The Free Banking Law of Illinois, has been adopted by 5,000 majority. The passage of this law will favorably affect Illinois State Stocks, as it will cause a great demand for them.

THE SECESSION MOVEMENT.—The Charleston (S. C.) Southern Standard, in speaking of the recent defeats of the Secessionists at the South, says:

The editor of the Columbia Times has lately given us probably more light on this subject than he intended to give. According to his explanation, the Secessionists of the other States had no idea of disunion. Oh no, that would be too horrible! They wanted secession—they were anxious for South Carolina to secede, but disunion was the thing that was farthest from their wishes. The experiment was expected to work thus. South Carolina was to secede, and the other States were to continue to agitate and make a show of joining her. This would scare the North into a retreat, and force from them new guaranties, and then everything being settled we might return to the Union. According to this system the other States were to play monkey, and our State was to be the cat, whose paw was to be used for pulling out the hot chestnuts for the monkey to eat.

NEW YORK.—The official majorities on the State ticket, stand as follows:

Comptroller—John C. Wright, Dem.,	483
Secretary of State—Henry S. Randall, Dem.,	1,430
Attorney General—Levi S. Chatfield, Dem.,	340
Engineer and Surveyor—W. J. McAlpine, D.,	2,300
Treasurer—James M. Cook, Whig,	92
Canal Commissioner—Henry Fitzhugh, Whig,	813

The Senate is believed to be a tie, and the Whigs are supposed to have a majority of two in the Lower House.

MICHIGAN.—The Democrats at the late election in this State have carried every thing. The Legislature is largely Democratic in both branches, and the result is regarded as a strict Cass triumph.

LOUISIANA.—The Legislature has gone Whig. The State ticket is doubtful. The Congressional Delegation stands as before reported.

A SPECIAL MISSION.—We learn from Washington, that Captain Parker has been sent by the President on a special mission to Havana relative to the charges preferred against Consul Owens.

THE SHADRACH RESCUE.—The case of the United States vs. Robt. H. Morris, the colored lawyer of Boston, indicted for abetting in the rescue of the fugitive slave Shadrach, terminated [illegible]

THE LARGEST CROP OF COTTON [illegible]

[illegible]

Marriages.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

[illegible]

Local News.

[illegible]

Clippings.

[illegible]

THE STOCK MARKET.

[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS, NOV. 15.

[illegible]

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[illegible]

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, FOR DECEMBER.

[illegible]

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

TIME REDUCED TO 24 HOURS.

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SCARPA'S COMPOUND ACOUSTIC OIL

[illegible]

PROSPECTUS FOR 1852.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE LEADING LITERARY WEEKLY OF THE UNION.

The proprietors of the POST think it unnecessary to dwell upon the distinguishing features of their well-known weekly, whose brilliant success during an existence of THIRTY YEARS is a sure guarantee for the future. We have the pleasure of announcing our continued connection with that distinguished authoress,

MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "The Deserted Wife," "Shannondale," etc. During the coming year, we have already made arrangements for the following novelets:—

EOLINE; OR, MAGNOLIA VALE:

By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, Author of "Linda," "Rena," etc.

VIOLA; OR, ADVENTURES IN THE FAR SOUTHWEST:

A Companion to "Prairie Flower." By Emerson Bennett, Author of "Prairie Flower," "The Bandits of the Osage," etc.

TRIAL AND TRIUMPH:

By T. S. Arthur, Author of "The Iron Hand," "Temperance Tales," etc. And last, but not least,

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON:

A Tale of Expiation and Redemption. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, Author of "The Deserted Wife," etc., etc.

Remember this! What the proprietors of the Post promise, they perform—or do better. They do not announce a long list of distinguished contributors with whom they have made no arrangement, and whose stories never appear.

In addition to such choice original articles, involving a large outlay of money, the columns of the Post will contain a great amount of Miscellaneous reading—such as the

CREAM OF THE FOREIGN PERIODICALS,

Witty and Humorous articles, Selections from the Agricultural Journals, Riddles and Conundrums, etc., etc.

REPORTS OF LECTURES—During the past year we gave an admirable series of Lectures on India, illustrated by Thirty engravings, etc.—Letters from England, by W. W. Bartlett, etc.—General News—Reports of the Markets—Bank Note and Stock List, etc., etc.

One or more PORTRAITS of remarkable persons, or PICTURES OF REMARKABLE PLACES are also weekly given.

In conclusion, we may say—that we shall maintain for the Post the character it has acquired of being a strictly moral paper; one that a parent may allow to go freely before his innocent sons and daughters. A careful guard shall also be kept, as heretofore, over our Advertising Columns, that nothing of an improper character may obtain admittance.

In short, whatever is calculated to refine, instruct, amuse, or gratify, shall find its appropriate place in the POST; and let the reader mark one thing, whatever others may *promise*, we will not be behind in the *performance*. A paper that has stood for thirty years, steadily progressing all that time, and which has now the *largest* list of subscribers of any paper of the same class, in the United States, is not to be left behind in the race by *any* rival.

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The terms of the POST are Two Dollars if paid in advance, Three Dollars if not paid in advance. For Five Dollars one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms for Clubs, to be sent, in the city to one address, and, in the country, to one post-office:

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THE ORGAN OF AMERICAN TALENT

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The reading matter of Graham's Magazine for the next year will be about double that of former volumes, making a book unrivalled by any that has ever appeared in America or Europe. The very best American writers will continue to contribute to its pages, and the wide range of literature of the world will also be brought to aid the worth and variety of the letter-press contents of the work.

G. P. R. JAMES.

The original novel written by this accomplished writer for "Graham" will be commenced in the January number, and will be found to be one of the most entertaining of the many romances by this universally popular author.

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In the department of Art, Graham's Magazine has always been celebrated. The excellence and beauty of its pictorial appointments, far surpass the usual adornments of the monthly magazines. The very finest and most expensive efforts of the first artists of Europe and America grace the work. Every variety of subject and of style is found in perfection in "Graham." No indifferent or inferior designs mar its beauty—but all that taste can suggest or capital command in the way of elegance is to be had in the yearly volumes of this Magazine. We ask our readers to take the twelve numbers of the year and compare them with the same number of any current periodical, to test the vast superiority of Graham's Magazine in this respect.

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Selected Poetry.

TO ——

When love would tell its fervency not
Let not the tongue reveal the thought,
But let the eye alone declare
The tender passion burning there.

If reason a hint from friend or foe,
With earnest good courage it,
"The mouth best speaketh out of that
Whereon the ear that reads it."

Be like the fox, whose eye is coy,
Nor on a shadow lay, love,
Be like the till, the starved will,
Who'er may be by way, love.

He'er wrote your hand in your regret,
Though pen'd he dimmed by tears;
For lovers' letters than Heaven's wrestle,
May virtue in Virtue's hair.

With child-like trust look forward still,
For Heaven is always near;
Put all your fear of ill
Behind the ill we fear.

Candide in from Judge's right good will,
For no one offend he;
It is the highest joys we see
For anything—and ill.

If Nature's glorious overhover
Doubtless meant to be, love,
Bestow your heart in your virtue,
And by the sounding key, love!

Be frank and free, and brave, and true,
True to thyself and Heaven;
And be thy virtues be gifted few,
And be thy faces—forgiven.

And hold thyself as dear, as high,
That virtue more than wise shall see
That nevermore dare set meet thine eye,
And falsehood—fly and flee.

—*Boston Transcript.*

Selected Articles.

THE THREE MELON SEEDS.

When I was a school boy, more than fifty years ago, I remember to have seen, in a country school, many brave fellows, like myself, who were ambitious, and made every improper effort to win the prize. I will endeavor to show it forth from under all my boyish folly and vague, beforehand, to be very much indebted to any one who will instruct in original thought.

The three young gentlemen who had finished their academical course at the time of their young story, were the first of their class, and when, at our leaving, in London; when a man of middle age, and middle manners, entered the public room, where they were sitting; seated himself at one end of a small, unoccupied table; and, calling the waiter, ordered a simple melon chop and a glass of ale. His appearance, at first view, was not likely to excite the thoughts of any one. His hair was getting to be thin and gray; the expression of his countenance was sedate, with a slight tinge, perhaps, of melancholy; his dress was a gray overcoat, with a stand-up collar, closely buttoned, and his whole appearance, altogether, was that of a man who was neither rich nor but—just such a thing as an officer would bestow upon his serving man. He might be retire, plausibly, for a country magistrate, or an attorney, or limited practice, or a subordinate.

He continued in uncertain his chop, and sip his ale in silence without lifting his eyes from the table, until the waiter had entirely stepped from between the thumb and finger of the right hand of the man, when he turned his attack him upon the right ear. His eye was instantly upon the aggressor; and his ready handkerchief, from the left, was employed in the removal of the party, that this petty impertinence was hazardous.

The stranger stooped, and picked up the melon seed, had a curiously perceptible smile upon his face, but he said nothing, but, putting up the seed, in a piece of paper, and placed it in his pocket. The singular procedure, with their pronounced features of their countenance, somewhat alarmed, as they were, by the wise remarks of their companion, and the gravity with which he conducted himself, and a burst of irresistible laughter proceeded from the group.

Unmoved by this rudeness, the stranger continued to finish his frugal repast in quiet, until another melon seed, from the same hand, struck him upon the right ear. This time, he let it fall upon the floor, and carefully deposited with the first.

Amidst shouts of laughter, a third melon seed was, soon after, discharged, which hit him upon the left breast. This time, he very deliberately took from the floor, and deposited with the other two.

As he rose, and was engaged in paying for his repast, the group of lissom sporting gentlemen became slightly subdued. It was not easy to account for this. Lawyer would not have been able to detect the slightest evidence of irritation or resentment upon the features of the stranger. He seemed a little feeble, to be sure, and the carriage of his head might have appeared to them rather more erect. He walked to the table at which they were sitting, and with that air of dignified calmness, which is a thousand times more terrible than words, drew a card from his pocket, and presented it, with perfect civility, to the offender, who could do no less than offer his own in return; for the stranger seemed to his sextet, to take the card from his pocket, they had a glance at the address cast of a solicitor's box. "Lord Hazlehurst his name," said a legal bagtray, at the bar, was sufficient for the rest. He was a cognate, whom ill health and long service had entitled to half pay. In earlier life he had been engaged in several affairs of honor, and, in the climate of the fancy, was a dead shot.

The next morning a note arrived at the aggressor's residence, containing a challenge, in form, and one only of the melon seeds. The note was from Lord Hazlehurst's second, and it was this: Lord Hazlehurst's intention in make these tokens at this communication, and offers one of the unexceptionable fruits! The challenge was accepted, and the challenged party, in reference to the challenged's skill with the pistol, had half-decided upon the small sword; but his friends, who were not in the secret, overruled that the stranger, who had risen by his merit, had, in the earlier day of his necessity, gained some skill in the management of the pistol, in the course of that very weapon. They met and fired, alternately, by lot; the young man had elected this mode, hoping he might win the first fire, he did—fired, and missed his opponent. The adverse party took his place, and fired; the ball passed through the top of the right ear, and grazed the bone; next to the wounded man to relationship and to the duel, was the first who heard that it was on the right ear of his antagonist that the first shot had taken him. Hitherto the first honor. A month had passed—but his friends cherished the hope that he would now nothing more than a slight wound, and that note—a challenge, of course,—and another duel was accordingly made and arrived, and the captain's apology, on the score of ill-health, for not meeting it before.

A second duel—fired simultaneously, and the captain, who was subject, shattered the right elbow of his antagonist—the very point upon which he had been struck by the first shot—was used; and here ended the second lesson. There was now the whole challenged, and could not be repressed, and exquisite skill of the antagonist. The third melon seed was still in his possession, and the antagonist had not forgotten that he had struck the conflicting gentleman upon the left breast! A month had passed—another—and another, of the following; but the challenge was heard from the captain. Intelligence had been received that he was confined to his lodgings in Ulsace. At length, the gentleman who had been his second in the former duels, once more presented himself, and, after the usual forms, gave to the recipient perceived, on taking it, considerable of the last of the melon seeds. The party represented in the captain's well-known hand, but it was the writing evidently of one, who had been accustomed to the pen. The note was brief, and was in these words:

"Lord Hazlehurst presents his compliments to the gentleman, and begs to say that he has not yet forgotten the melon seeds."

—*Boston Transcript.*

THE PHILOSOPHY OF GAIT AND DEPORTMENT.

One of the most popular works of H. de Balzac, now publishing in the *Paris*, contains some very curious and witty theories on this subject. The following is a specimen of the former from his work:—

"Every man has his own gait, which is the result of the peculiar vulgar of his organization, and indicates the habitual character of his mind. The movement of the locomotive, the animal economy of the gait, the physiology produced by the combination of the different organs one—other, by the genius of Louis Philippe, were the last years of France—are developed and manifested daily in the streets.

"I wish I could hear him a nickname."

They will never be in vain! Every man of sagacity! If I meet such an idiot! I don't care about such nonsense! I let a philosopher, a grocer, a lawyer, a merchant, pass.

Do not believe them! Crooked paces of Prussia, Gallic dandy's gait, the pace of the Englishman, the one be pace of France in the Chamber of Peers, in the senate of her, in the Tuileries, in the Chamber of Deputies, in the Bourse, in the Palais Royal, they pass daily the Boulevards, to the public, who do not know their utility, they are not less the types of France, of the Peers of France, of the Universal of France, things could be correctly represented by the Duke de Lorge, if, by chance, the Duke de Reine, if they passed them; for every one, without doubt, would say they are ridiculous. But the general theory is the result of these observations; and to obviate the inconvenience of having just signalized, I will leave the judging the importance of studying particularly the physiology of gait and deportment.

1. The Bad.—Under this gait, are all passers for to each passer. Here, a man generally supposes to be a man of business, and, by another he is a man of leisure. Some of the men neglect, the fact is the true side of the man, and you will learn to know them.

If you would not be defiant by others, you must imitate the child or the savage—they never have but one thing to do, and that is to walk. Good power is in the unity of their motion. The child and the savage is originality itself. They go to another; he has a thousand pastures, a thousand ideas; and not having time to watch all the while, there is always some word that will tell which he betrays himself. This is why the rapidity of speech have so often lost the power of the first minds, when only talked.

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"Now, sir," said the coxcomb, in a tone that at any other time would have excited disgust, "you will please to speak in the presence of ladies, and carefully in making you speak up."

"I hope not, sir," said the clerk, or rather better, "I hope not, sir," said the clerk, or rather better, "I hope not, sir," said the clerk, or rather better, "